

Mr. Bowser Buys a Cow

He Expects to Save Money on Milk and Butter and to Avoid Sickness.

DISAPPOINTED IN BEAST

Mrs. Bowser Pokes Fun at Him, and He Meets Unpleasant Fate in His Own Milking.

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AT 4 o'clock the other afternoon a man leading a cow stopped in front of the Bowser residence, and the man turned in at the gate and rang the doorbell. Mrs. Bowser happened to be conveniently handy, and she answered it.

"I suppose you want this cow around in the alley shed?" queried the man as she appeared.

"What cow, and what have I to do with it?"

"That cow out in the street. I sold her to your husband about an hour ago if your name is Bowser."

"There must be some mistake. What sort of a looking man is my husband?"

"He's what they call a one story man—short and fat and baldheaded. Oh, there's no mistake about it. He wrote his name and number down on this slip of paper, as you see. He's got the



A MAN LEADING A COW.

biggest bargain of any man who's bought a cow this year. I let him have her for \$45."

"He was a dunce to pay you half that," replied Mrs. Bowser as she stepped out to get a better view of the animal.

Had Refused Good Offer.

"I could have sold her for \$50 last week."

"Then some one must have wanted to start a bone yard pretty bad. Look at the condition she's in! That cow won't give two quarts of milk a day. You'd better drive her right down to the river and dump her in."

"But don't take that cow on Ler looks, ma'am," protested the man. "She had twin calves, and she's lost 'em both within a month. She's grieving for them and has lost her appetite. Give her a little show to get her spirits back, and if she doesn't fill a pail twice a day I don't know anything about cows. I'll drive her around and put her in the shed, and when Mr. Bowser comes he'll explain everything."

It had been long years since Mr. Bowser had mentioned the name cow, and he had gone and invested in a skeleton without a hint of his intentions. Mrs. Bowser was thoroughly put out, but as she could not bandy words with the cow dealer she retired into the house and left him to put the animal in the shed. As soon as he had done so he got out of the neighborhood as fast as he could. Ten minutes after the man's coat tails had disappeared Mr. Bowser came home. He

Nothing Makes Life So Sweet.

AS EASY COMFORTABLE SHOES. NOTHING MAKES LIFE AS UNBEARABLE AS POORLY FITTING SHOES. COME TO ME AND GET ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION.

S. A. GIMRE

543 Bond St., Opp. Fisher Bros.
Best kind of logging shoes; hand-made; always on hand.
All kinds of shoe repairing neatly and quickly done.

and meant to break the new himself and in his own way, but he saw that it was too late.

"Well, what do you think of the investment?" he carelessly asked as he hung up his hat.

"I think you might have got a bundle of bones at the slaughter house for a good deal less money," replied Mrs. Bowser.

"Now, then, my dear, wait until you have heard the whole story. When I started for the office this morning I had no more thought of buying a cow than I had of jumping down a well. At the office I found Professor Duggan, the germ and microbe expert. Knowing how interested I am in such matters, he had called to give me the results of some recent experiments. How many bacteria do you suppose he found in a pound of butter bought at a grocery?"

"Not a single one."

"Over a million, my dear woman, and every one of them capable of starting a case of typhoid fever. How many germs do you guess he found in a quart of milk?"

"I don't care how many he found. Your bacteria and germs and microbes are all nonsense. No one ever heard of such things until a few years ago."

"Don't be a donkey, Mrs. Bowser. Nine-tenths of the sickness and death of today are caused by those very things. If you want to run the risk, then go ahead, but I want no microbes in mine. The professor estimated that

with a cow of our own we would both live ten years longer."

"And he probably got \$10 of the money."

"Mrs. Bowser, don't go too far!" cautioned Mr. Bowser as he flushed up. "No living man or woman can impugn the honesty of Professor Duggan. It was his friendship for me that brought him to the office. He is not a man to stand by and see a friend of his swallow microbes by the cart load."

Mrs. Bowser had nothing to say in reply, and after gazing at the cow shed from a back window for two or three minutes Mr. Bowser continued:

"Of course I was chiefly actuated by the question of health, but there is another side to it. What do you suppose our milk and butter have cost us the last year—milk and butter full of bacteria and microbes?"

"I have no interest in the matter. You have bought a cow and are going to do great things with her."

He glared at her, but hung on to himself. He wanted to straighten the cow question out before picking up any side issues.

Save Money and Health.

"I have figured it up, and we shall save something like a hundred dollars a year—not a microbe, not a bacterium, not a germ, and a clean saving of a hundred dollars! I don't see why you need feel put out about it. Name me a man who could have done a better thing all around."

"How can we make butter out of two or three quarts of milk a day?" demanded Mrs. Bowser as she arose.

"Two or three quarts of milk a day? Why, woman, your head must have got screwed on the wrong way. There will be all of ten quarts at a milking. We shall use about two quarts a day, and the rest will go into butter and cheese. Yes, I forgot about the cheese. We will make our own and have it every day."

"You can't squeeze four quarts a day out of that bundle of bones, and there won't be cream enough for the cat. Mr. Bowser, you have been hounded again, done up, made a guy of. That cow is so old that she has both front feet in the grave."

"Woman... I deny it!" he shouted at the top of his voice, breaking loose at last. "I wanted a cow to save both our lives and to make a profit of \$100 a year. Because you didn't think of it first you are mad and jealous. It won't do you any good. The cow has been bought and paid for. Here she will remain. If you don't want any of the milk, butter and cheese, you can eat raw turnips."

Settled Mrs. Bowser.

That settled Mrs. Bowser. They went down to dinner at the ringing of the bell, but neither spoke during the meal. When it was ended Mr. Bowser went upstairs and slipped on an old coat, and then, coming down, he took a tin pail from the kitchen and went out to milk the new cow. She was expecting him. He fetched a pail of water and some hay from a barn across the alley, and before proceeding to milk he looked her over. She looked old and decrepit. She looked mournful and disconsolate. The thought came stealing over him that he had been done up, but he shut his lips and forced it back. Never in this living world would he admit the fact to Mrs. Bowser after what she had said.

By and by Mr. Bowser sat down to milk. He sat down on the wrong side, but in this case it made no difference. There was less than a pint of milk in the udder, and the cow had made up her mind not to part with that without a struggle. As the milker began to hunt for milk the animal drew a long breath and threw all her strength into one kick, and as Mr. Bowser went over backward she took advantage of "the open door" and got into the alley and disappeared.

Scene in the Shed.

After three-quarters of an hour had passed Mrs. Bowser strolled across the back yard to see what had happened.

The cow shed was as quiet as a grave. She looked in to find the cow gone and Mr. Bowser lying there as if sweetly sleeping. The hostler from the barn joined her, and after a look he said:

"He was kicked in the stomach, ma'am, and is waiting to get his second wind. Shall I run after the cow?"

"No. If she returns chase her away." Ten minutes later, as the camphor bottle was held to Mr. Bowser's nose, he opened his eyes and faintly inquired where he was.

"In your own milking and cheeseery and safe from germs and microbes and bacteria," softly replied Mrs. Bowser, and he heaved a great sigh of contentment as he dropped his head back on the hay.

M. QUAD.

Too Lively For Comfort.



Deacon Lucas—What fer did they dun discharged Pabson Shouter? Wuzn't his sermons lively enuff?

Deacon Smith—Dat's de trouble. Dey wuz too lively. Pabson dun pound de pulpit en yell so dat nobody could get er wink or sleep de whole time!—Pueble Chieftain.

The Fates.

Fable teaches that the fates were three goddesses, holding one a spindle, another a distaff and the third a pair of shears. They spun the thread of human life, then cut it off, and men's destiny was either happy or unhappy according to the texture of the wool employed by these inexorable deities. Might it not be said that here below we play more or less the part of the fates? It is we who, in some degree, mold our own destinies. —Pittsburg Press.

HIRAM, KING OF TYRE.

The Phoenician Monarch and His Effort to Imitate the Deity.

Hiram, the Phoenician monarch, strove to imitate God by erecting four mighty pillars upon which he caused seven heavens—apartments—to be built. The first was constructed of glass, 500 by 500 yards, storing therein mock images of the sun, moon and stars. The second compartment of iron, 1,000 by 1,000 yards, was the receptacle of precious stones, causing a terrific noise resembling thunder when they crashed against each other and the casement of the inclosure. The third chamber was of lead, 1,500 by 1,500 yards. The fourth was of tin, 2,000 by 2,000 yards. The fifth was of copper, 2,500 by 2,500 yards. The sixth was of silver, 3,000 by 3,000 yards. The seventh was of gold, 3,500 by 3,500 yards, containing precious stones, pearls and a magnificent throne. A channel of water separated the apartments.

Hiram, imitating the royal splendor of the court of King Solomon, surrounded himself by the grandest conceivable display of magnificence. In the seventh apartment was stationed a golden bed, the corners of which were set in pearls without value in all the world, sparkling forth beautiful flashes resembling lightning, which spread wonder and terror among his subjects. The prophet Ezekiel was ordered to appear before Hiram, who, at a loss as to how to reach the seven heavens wherein the monarch presided, was transported into his castle by the locks of his hair. Upon perceiving the divine messenger Hiram trembled. "Who art thou?" thundered the indignant harbinger of future events. "Why dost thou boast? Art thou not born of woman's womb?"

"I am," replied Hiram, "but I live forever. Like God dwelling over waters, dwell I. Like him reigning over seven heavens, I rule in seven apartments. As God is surrounded by lightning and thunder, so am I. God has stars in heaven; so have I. Many sovereigns have succumbed to mortality, and I still exist. Twenty-one kings of the house of Israel and David, twenty prophets and ten high priests have departed this earth, but I outlive them all."

"Why dost thou boast?" again demanded Ezekiel.

"Because thou didst supply the cedars for Solomon's temple? This puts me in mind of a subject who prepared a splendid garment for his sovereign, and as often as the servant gazed at the glorious piece of work he boastfully remarked, 'This is my manufacture,' until the king, observing his vanity, tore it off in disgust. Such will be thy lot. The temple which thou helpest to build will be destroyed. What will then become of thy pride?"

A Crazy Will.

A contemporary states that while a wedding breakfast was being held in a restaurant at Fresno les Ranges a naval officer in uniform entered the room and was invited to preside over the feast. He made himself very agreeable, sang songs and delivered speeches. He was proposing the bride's health when two policemen rushed in and arrested him as an escaped inmate from a neighboring asylum. It is further asserted that he thereupon politely turned to the officers and said: "I think you have made a mistake, gentlemen. There"—pointing to the bridegroom—"is the man you want."—London Trib une.

The End of the World

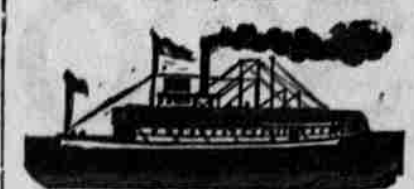
of troubles that robbed E. H. Wolfe, of Bear Grove, La., of all usefulness, came when he began taking Electric Bitters. He writes: "Two years ago kidney trouble caused me great suffering, which I never would have survived had I not taken Electric Bitters. They also cured me of general debility." Sure cure for all stomach, liver and kidney complaints, blood diseases, Headache, Dizziness and weakness or bodily decline. Price 50c. Guaranteed by Charles Rogers drug store. aug

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